

A few days later, the amazonian dykes were getting restless. They were hopping in and out of the forest, carrying mysterious bundles to their cabins. Doors which had been open up until now where suddenly closed in the face of the naive visitor. The sound of hammering was heard at odd times and in strange places. Again there was a pile of wood in the middle of the square, which grew higher and higher. Every woman who passed it, threw some wood on it. Children were send to play somewhere else. A few of the carpenters were building a big platform near the bonfire. There was a general atmosphere of expectation and excitement in the air. The Eurosappho dykes didn't understand it but none of the women of the other tribe wanted to explain. They only smiled knowingly, which drove some of the eurosapphists nearly crazy with curiosity. They could do nothing else than relax a bit near the river and give a helping hand on the fields.

The huge cooking pots were uncovered again, it seemed that there was another celebration at hand. But what, what, *what* was happening? What was going to be celebrated?

Soon the lovely smells of spicy food hung in the air. Yes, there were lady fingers too, curried and pickled and `au naturel'. They sure knew how to use them!

The eurosapphic dykes came back from the beach because it was getting dark. The amazonian dykes seemed to be ready with all the preparations and they were using the last light of the sun to paint their faces and their bodies in beautiful colours. The e-s dykes could do nothing else than watch and wait for what was going to happen.

Small fires were lit around the square and women were slowly waving torches revealing their painted faces in the flickering light with shadowy patches. It was an eery sight. There was a hush when the chief's cabin door opened. And a humming sound from deep down their bellies grew as the chief came closer slowly. There was something different about her, but what? Her face was painted a ghostly white, her black burning eyes looking at the gathered dykes in pain and agony. She walked awkwardly, her hips pushed forward, her belly protruding in a weird way. Her wide garments couldn't hide her huge melon-like belly. The humming sound grew louder and more aggressive with each step she took towards the fire. The torches were waved in ever bigger arches, leaving a trail of smoke and sparks with each wave.

As the chief entered the cirkel of women, looking like death herself, the sound changed suddenly into abusive shouts. One woman threw something at the chief and at once the air was filled with all kinds of objects heading towards the woman in the center. The chief cried and moaned and covered her head, crouching lower. There was a sharp cry of pain when she doubled over. The e-s dykes looked at each other, what *was* this? Should they come to her rescue? The chief cried out again, she sat upright, holding her belly with two hands. The women in the cirkel hesitated and looked at each other. Three of them conferred and walked towards the chief. Reluctantly they helped her up and carried her bloating body onto the platform. As she lay down, one woman started shouting at her accusingly. The chief shook her head in denial as she cried out again. The woman kept on shouting until one of the others put a hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her away. She knelt next to the chief and stroked her head and her face. The other one knelt too and all women with torches came closer, the burning flames held high to shed light on the platform. They started to sing a beautiful and peaceful song to comfort the suffering woman.

The eurosapphists came closer too and the amazonian dykes made room for them so they could see what was happening. The chief was crying and moaning and trashing her body wildly while one woman sat behind her and held her in her arms. The feet of the amazonian dykes started to pound the floor in a slow rhythm, their song reduced to a hum, growing louder until they stamped their feet, then it started anew, building up again. Following every beat the chief wailed a louder wail. After an exceptionally loud cry, other voices could be heard, shouting with excitement and finally the wailing of a baby. Torches were held higher, laughter could be heard and the stamping of feet was becoming like the rolling of thunder. The women on the platform rose and one held her hands high above her head carrying, very carefully, a baby girl. `It is a lesbian,' she shouted loudly.

With that, all women threw their torches into the waiting bonfire and the sudden roar of flames was overwhelming. In the bright hot light of the fire the woman with the baby looked like an apparition. All women were shouting and laughing, congratulating each other.

The chief was helped on a cushion and the baby was handed over to her. When she was seated women came to bring her gifts. All kinds of things were brought to her, fruit and vegetables, selfmade toys, boxes. One of the elders accepted the gifts and put them on the platform, for everyone to see. The eurosapphists looked on in amazement. One amazonian dyke came towards them and explained in a few whispered words that this was the celebration of the birth of their first lesbian child. The shouting an throwing were a symbol of the scorn they had shown when they hadn't believed that the woman had had no sex with a man. The wailing was a symbol of the first painful birth and the gifts were a symbol of their gratitude for the gift of reproducing. Tomorrow, the gifts would be given to all children in the tribe. Every year, a baby was chosen to play the role of the first born lesbian in the tribe.

